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For the National Era.

UNCLÉ TOM'S CABIN: LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MES. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER VII. - The Mother's Struggle. It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's

Her husband's sufferings and dangers, the danger of her child, all blended in her mind with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object-the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband-everything, as it lay in the clear frosty moonlight, seemed to speak reand sole has maisher could she

o from a home like that? But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and in an indifferent case she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp as she went rapidly forward. The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon per, for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural strength that here her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above-"Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were your Harry, mother, or your Willie that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning—if you had seen the man, and ward that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock ill morning to make good your escape, how fast could you walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom-the little sleepy head on your shoul-

riedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still, she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking

" Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?" " No, my darling; sleep if you want to." "But mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother.

with a paler cheek and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're sure, aint you, mother?"

"Yes, sure!" said the mother, in a voice that tartled herself, for it seemed to her to come from spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came in er neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her vements. It seemed to her as if strength red into her in electric streams, from every tle touch and movement of her sleeping, con-

leg child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and newe impregnable, and string the sinews, like The boundaries of the farm, the grove, ood-lot, passed by her dizzily as she passed on, and still she walked, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till red-

dening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway. ome connections in the little village of Tnot far from the Ohio river, and knew the road

well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio river, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape-beyond which she could only hope in

the highway, with that keen and alert perception culiar to a state of excitement, and which seems er headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and snepicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress ad bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as be bought consistent with the preservation of In her little bundle she had proided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child-rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would ron with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half mile.

After a while they came to a thick patch o roodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she limbed over the fence with him; and sitting own behind a large rock which concealed them rom the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her ittle package. The boy wondered and grieved hat she could not eat, and when, putting his arms ound her neck, he tried to wedge some of his ake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the

sang in her throat would choke her. No no Harry, darling, mother can't eat till you are safe We must go on-on-till we come to the river." And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk reguarly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborho there she was personally known. If she should hance to meet any who knew her, she reflected hat the well-known kindness of the family would nlikely supposition that she could be a fagitive. plored lineage, without a critical survey, and er child was white also, it was much easier for

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a heat darm-house, to rest hereelf, and buy some dinner for her child and self—for as the danger

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise, with having some-body come in to talk with, and accepted without examination Eliza's statement that she "was going on a little piece to spend a week with her friends"—all which she hoped in her heart might

prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset she entered the village of T—, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side. It was now early spring, and the river was wellen and turbulent, great cakes of floating los swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow chan-nel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another—thus forming a tem-porary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Ken-

whole river, and extending aimost to the Rentucky shore.

Eliza stood for a moment contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

What is it ?" she said. "Isn't there any ferry or boat that takes people ver to B—— now?" she said.
"No, indeed," said the woman, "the boats has

stopped running."
Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment truck the woman, and she said, inquiringly—
"May be your wanting to get over?—anybody

sick? ye seem mighty anxious."
"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said
Eliza. I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the "Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman

whose motherly sympathies were much arous called, from the window, towards a small back matur ur utner.

"Poh!" said Haley—and he said something building. A man in leather apron and very building. A man in leather apron and very else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which

building. A man in lesther apron and very dirty hands appeared at the door. "I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?" "He said he should try, if twas any way pru-

dent," said the man.
"There's a man a piece down here, that's going over with some track this evening, if he durs to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," dded the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and "Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bed-room, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her

her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on, and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty. Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the course of her pursuers.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner. For some singular reason, an im-pression seemed to reign among the servants gen-ceally, that missis would not be naricularly dis-obliged by delay, and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly. number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. One luckless wight contrived to upset the gravy, and then gravy had to be got up de novo, with due care and formality, Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with formality, Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with degged precision, answering shortly to all suggestions of haste, that she "warnt a going to have raw gravy on the table, to help nobody's catchings." One tumbled down with the water, and had to go to the spring for more; and another precipitated the butter into the path of events, and there was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that mass'r Haley was mighty onessy, and that he couldn't sit in his cheer no ways, but was a walkin and stalkin to the winders and through the porch.

"Sarves him right!" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. "He'll get was nor enessy one of these days, if he don't mend his ways. His master'll

days, if he don't mend his ways. His master'l be sending for him, and then see how he'll look. "He'll go to torment, and no mistake," said

"He'll go to torment, and no mistake," said little Jake.

"He desarves it!" said Aunt Chloe, grimly, he's broke a many many many hearts, I tell ye all!" she said, stopping, with a fork uplifted in her hands; "it's like what mass'r George reads in Ravelations—souls a callin under the altar! and a callin on the Lord for vengeance on sich! and by and by, the Lord he'll hear em—so he will!"

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her, and to

"Sich'il be burnt up forever, and no mistake wont ther," said Andy.

"I'd be glad to see it, I'll be boun," said little

"Chil'en!" said a voice, that made them all start. It was Uncle Tom, who had come in, and start. It was Uncle I om, was all come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Childen!" he said, "I'm afeard you dont know what ye're sayin. Forever is a dreful word, childen; its awful to think on't. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur!"

"We wouldn't to anybody but the soul-drivers,"

"We wouldn't to anybody on help wishing it to them.

"We wouldn't to anybody out the soul-drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to them, they's so awful wicked."
"Dont natur herself kinder cry out on em?" said Aunt Chloe. "Dont dey tear der suckin baby right off his mother's breast, and sell him, and der little children as is crying and holding and der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes; dont dey pull em off and sells em? Dont dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry—" when it's jest takin the very life on em—and all the while does they feel one bit—dont dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon essy? Lor, if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?" And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that 'spitefully use you, the good book says." mays Tom.

good book says," says Tom.

"Pray for 'em!" said Aunt Chloe; "Lor, it's too tough! I can't pray for 'em!"

"It's natur, Chloe, and natur's strong," said Tom, "but the Lord's grace is stronger; besides, you oughter think what an awful state a poor

oritter's soul's in that'il do them ar things-oughter thank God that you aint like him, G I'm sure I'd rather be sold ten thousand over than to have all that ar poor crittur's got to

"So'd I, a heap," said Jake. Lor! shouldn't we cotch it, Andy ?".

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

"I'm glad mass'r didn't go off this morning as he looked to," said Tom; "that ar hurt me more than the sellin—it did," said Tom. "Mebbe it might have been natural for him, but 'twould have come desp't hard on me, as has known him from a baby; but I've seen mass'r, and I begin ter feel sort o' reconciled to the Lord's will now. Mass'r couldn't help hisself; he did right, but I'm feared things will be kinder goin to rack when I'm gone. Mass'r can't be spected to be a pryin round everywhar, as Joe done, a keepin up all the ends. The boys all means well, but they's powerful careless! That ar troubles me."

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

your young mase'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, mase'r, have I ever broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his ever

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows by you say but the truth! and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can any way bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of who you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the woss for wear, and trade him back."

"Pil trade with you then, and make it for your advantage," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Of course," said the trader, "all's equal with me; lives trade 'em up as down! so I does a good to business. All I want is a livin, you know, ma'am—that's all any on us wants, I spose."

business. All I want is a livin, you know, ma'am—that's all any on us wants, I spose."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in recapturing Eliza and her chiid, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore graciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass impercepdid all she could to make time pass impercep

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly re-freshed and invigorated by the scamper of the

abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting in flourishing style to Andy of the evident and imminent suc-cess of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I spose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared "Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly

thar's Bruno—he's a roarer! and besides that,

"I don't see no use cussin on 'em! no way." "But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin out niggers." Sam knew exactly what he meant, but ke kept Sam knew exactly what he meant, but ke kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round considable sharp. I spect they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's far dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously to-

ward them. "You go hang!" said Haley, getting up

"Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with

Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding whip.

"I's stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer musn't be a makin game. Thus yer aint no way to help mase'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em—they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin." said Sam. "dat's de idee. Mass'r.

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's de idee. Mass'r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now, der's two roads to de river—de dirt road and der pike—which mass'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the

"If yer warn't both on yer such cussed liars The pensive, reflecting tone in which this was

spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as appa-rently to run a great risk of falling off his horse,

"Course," said Sam, "mass'r can do as he'd ruther; go the straight road, if mass'r thinks best—it's all one to us. Now, when I study pon t, I think de straight road de best, decidedly." "She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's

"Dar aint no sayin!" said Sam; "gals is pect mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so if you thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so if you thinks they've gone one road, it is sartin you'd better go tother, and then you'll be sure to find 'em. Now, my private 'pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road, so I think we'd tetter take der strick took.

etter take der straight one."
This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road, and he announced decidedly that he

id go the other, and asked Sam when they

should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and he added, gravely, "but I've studded on der matter, and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it no way. It's despit lonesome, and we might lose our way—whar we'd come to, de Lord only

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that Now I think on't, I think I hearn 'em tell that dat ar road was all fenced up down by der creek and thar, an't it, Andy ?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of the thing, he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he sat down to a desperate lying on

Now, the road in fact was an old one that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was out across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well—indeed, the road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 'twas groaning and vociferating occasionally that desp't rough, and bad for Jerry's foot,"

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley,
"I know yer; yer won't get me to turn off this yer
road with all yer fussin—so you shet up." "Mase'r will go his own way," said Sam, with neful submission, at the same time winking most ortentously to Audy, whose delight was now

very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits—professed keep a very brisk lookout—at one time exclair ing that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "that thar wasn't 'Lisy' down is the hellow," a

fenced up, and I didn't spec we could get thro-Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the un-

lucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right

only about three-quarters of an boar after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern, that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and

have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her just as she was disappearing down the bank, and, throwing himself from his horse, calling loudly to Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behild they came, and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry, and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond it was a desperate leap, imposeible to anything It was a desperate leap, impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sun, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she staid there not a moment—with wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake, stumbling, leaping, slipping, springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone, her stockings cut from her feet, while blood marked every step—but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly as in a dream she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar," said

who owned a farm not far from her old home. "Oh, Mr. Symmes—save me—do save me—do hide me," said Eliza. "Why, what's this ?" said the man. "Why, if

taint Shelby's gal."
"My child! this boy—he'd sold him! There is his mass'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "Oh, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Beside: you'r a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever

When they had gained the top of the bank, the nan paused.

"I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell you to go thar," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they'r kind folks. Thar's no kind'r dan-

ger but they'll help you-they'r up to all that sort o' thing."
"The Lord bless you," said Eliza, earnestly "No casion, no casion in the world," said the

"And, oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one."

"Go to thunder, gal. What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely sensible gal, as you are. You've arat your liberty, and you shall have it for all me." The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away.

and looked after her.
"Shelby, now, mebbe won't.

atcher for other folks, neither." So spoke this poor, heathenish Kentuckian who had not been enlightened on his constitution al relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on

Sam and Andy.
"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business! "The gal's got seven devils in her, I believe

aid Haley. "How like a wildcat she jumped "Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head," "Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope mass'r'll 'scuse us tryin dat ar road. Don't think I feels spry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"You laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

"Lord bless ye, mass'r, I couldn't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. She looked so curis—a leap-

and springin, ice a crackin, and only to hea her, plump! ker chunk! ker splash! spring. Lord, how she goes it!" and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"I'll make ye laugh t'other side yer mouths." said the trader, laying about their heads with his

riding whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good evening, mass'r," said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much spect missis be anxious bout Jerry. Mass'r Haley won't want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin the critturs over Lizy's bridge to-night;" and, with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed—their shouts of laughter coming dimly on the wind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] MECHANISM. - NO. 6.

About five hundred years before Christ a hundred oxen were sacrificed to commemorate the discovery of a principle combining the properties of the triangle and square. The sacrifice of a hundred oxen is called a hecatomb. The proposition presenting this principle is hence called the "Hecatomb Problem" It is also called the "Carpenter's Theorem," from the fact that carpenters make special use of it in squaring their buildings and determining many other points about their work. It is constantly brought into use by architects, engineers, arregors, navigators, and numerous other class of business men. In colleges this principle is known by the title "Asses Bridge," grounded on the supposition that the student who gets well over it by a satisfactory demonstration, has proved himself to be not quite About five hundred years before Christ a hur

"Asses Bridge," grounded on the supposetion has
the student who gets well over it by a satisfactory
demonstration, has proved himself to be not quite
the most stupid animal in the world. It is also
known among students by the somewhat more
genteel title "Old Forty-seventh." being the fortyseventh proposition of the first book of Euclid.

If the principle referred to warranted a hecatomb for its commemoration at the time of its discovery, it must at this age of the world at least
deserve a place as a subject of instruction in a
course of practical business education.

If squares be drawn on the three sides of any
right-angled triangle, the square upon the longest
side is in all cases precisely equal in surface to
the sum of the squares on the other two sides.
This presents the proposition, and embraces the
principle refered to. The longest side, in all cases,
is opposite the right angle. The two sides containing the right angle may be equal, or they may
vary infinitely. The variation does not affect the
principle, always with the proviso that the figure
contain one right angle.

Experiments .- A boy in New York got a sion for running with fire engines, apparently be-yond all restraint, greatly afflicting his mother and alarming her for his safety. A friend of the boy suggested to the mother her aiding him in practical illustrations of mechanism—the hecatomb problem, and many others She availed herself of the suggestion, and in a few days, to her great pleasure, she found her son so intent upon his work as to take no notice of engines on their rat-tling by their door. Some of the work made by of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to the city of Mexico, which the Reverend gentleman soon after visited. These specimens brought in return several packages, containing a variety of the work of the young Mexican Indians.

## For the National Era. MADRIA.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

O my dear one, O my lover,

Drearily the rain keeps falling-I can hear it on the pane O, he cannot hear my calling-He will never come again So a pale one, lowly lying

Come, my dear one, I am dying-But no lover's voice replied When the morning light is shining Over all the eastern hills, Thou, whose heart is still divining

Every wish through mine that thrills

If he comes, and I am dying, And my lips make no replying

As he fondly bends above me.

Just as you are bending now. Pressing kisses on my brow Take this simple little ringlet-

He has praised its shining oft-That he said was like the winglet Give it softly to his keeping, Saying, as I would have said,

Go not through the world a-weepin For the sake of her that's dead And, as you the shroud upgather, That shall hide me from his eyes

Tell him of the pitying Father-

Through the eastern clouds the ambe Burning tells the night time o'er Watchers, you may leave her chambe is't the white hand of her lover

is it he that bends above her Saying, dear one, wake, 'tis day No: the wind, despite Death's warnings And the bine eyes are the morning's

That are bending down to here Lay the hands, for love's sake lifted Oft in prayer, together bound, While the unheeded ringlet drifted Lightly, brightly, to the ground.

For the National Era.

Love came by, and Faring known ner in a dream of fabled lands Gently stooped and laid upon her Mystic chrism of holy hands. Drew his smile acros her folded Breathed as finely as the cold did

So, when life looked upward, being

Warmed and breathed on from above,

What sight could she have for seeing Evermore, but only love. The groundwork of life is generally in shadow the light glimmers for a little while here and there, and fades off; for that the lips we love smile for us no longer, or settle into that still and placid and fearful smile that no kiss of ours can deepen—the lids grow weary and droop over the eyes whence fell our sunshine, and go—as the years go by, the shadows grow deeper and deeper. The blooms drop out of the thorn tree, and leave it sightless and bare—the spring that lay cool under its white flowers, shrinks from its slimy under its white flowers, shrinks from its slimy bubbles more and more, and dries up—the hills our young eyes beheld, verdureous and bright with flowers, grow dark with the furrows of graves. O life! thou art a solemnity and a mys-tery—full of pains, and hemmed about with sor-rows—restless ever and dissatisfied—but through pains and sorrows the soul is matured, and no pains and sorrows the soul is matured, and no shadow may glide through the golden gate of immortality. Therefore, sad pligrim, take courage, for the promise of rest brightens before thee like a chaplet full of dew, and thy withered staff, as thou journeyest forward, breaks into blossoms. Maidens, heavy with the anguish of disappointed hopes, gather from your pallid cheeks the fallen locks, and wait till the morning—all ye weary, and worn, and disconsolate, be patient, and calm, and hopeful, and wait till the morning—for as a child, frightened at the dark, falls wailingly asleep, and wakes in its mother's arms, are we all—living, and dying, and waking. Wait till the morning.

O, it is a great thing to have this hope shining and before us!—this hope of waking in the bosom of immortality—of laying off weariness as a garment, and of being in purity and truthfulness as little children. But even aside from this hope, there are other hopes, earthly hopes, exceeding precious. Who of us all, in the sorrowful household of humanity, so drowned in the wild crying of his own heart, or so closed about in the chill folds of dumb and helpless apathy, that he has not sometimes risen up equal to the hardest trial, and dashed from him the power and the presence of evil, as a strong swimmer the audacious waves?

Among the lights lying among the shadows of life, the brightest is love, and the love of little children, pernaps, swimmer the of ne such, for it is not of many hut of one that I muse—one whose life now is only a beautiful memory—for long. and before us !- this hope of waking in the boson life now is only a beautiful memory—for long, long years, the dismal rains of autumn have beaten down the blossoms on her grave.

We were little girls together.

She was the fairer in the face and death loves a shining mark. Her cheek was always colorless, her eyes large and dark, and her lips smiling, though very faintly always, for she was never mirthful and never angry; and this last was never mirthful and never angry; and this last it is which makes her memory a constant reproach to me. I knew not how great my love was till she was gone; but the edges of the grave are steep, and it is not enough to lift her from the darkness that the arms of my penitence may fold her as I take her kiss of forgiveness on my forehead as a

crown.
It is June now, and all day the birds sing her their artless songs. But the window of her narrow house is dark with dust, and she does not narrow house is dark with dust, and she does not hear. The white violets fringe the green coverlid that is over her, but her little hands are not unfolded to gather them any more; and when morning slants rosily over her, saying, Wake! it is day! she does not wake, but, with the golden curls dropping over her still pillow, sleeps on just the same. In the morning of the resurrection she will wake; and O thou who, ere the thorns were put off from thy forehead for the glory, did'at take little children in thy arms and bless them, make her thine, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

chief sin was in stealing away from her when I knew she wished to be with me. Sometimes, in-deed, my chosen playmate and I would persuade her to stay at home when we proposed to ramble in the woods or a visit to some favorite haunt, with the promise that she should go another time, or that we would bring her nuts or berries or orchard blossoms, or whatever chanced to be com-mon to the season. When we condescended to do this, she almost always remained behind, reluctantly we knew, but without opposition. But not unfrequently, I am sorry to say, we told her to go to her own little "playhouse"—that something pretty was there; or that some one called her within doors-and so under false pretences stole

One morning, how well I remember the tim was late in November—the woods were all dreary and withered—the huskers were in the corn fields gathering the yellow ears and cutting the stalks preparatory for the plough—we could see the teams of oxen and horses standing patiently here and there, and hear the rattling, as the full baskets were emptied, one after another, and the barking of the dogs, that, trailing among weeds and stub-ble, now startled a wild bird and now a rabbit, with the halloo and the whistle that set them on The day was mild for the season, and the blue haze hung along the edges of the horizon. The butterdies, blue, and speckled, and yellow, that had hovered over the streams all the late summer, were gone, and the waters stagnant and drying away; but for this we did not care—we were going

to gather pebbles.

We had made several unsuccessful attempts to get away from the little girl. She was not well that morning, and felt more dependent than usual. Children are not easily deceived; and though once, when she same as flying down the green lane, once, when she sawas hying down the green land, and called after us to stop, we ran back, saying we were only trying to see how fast we could run, she seemed still suspicious; and when we sat down, as though we had no intention of stirring all the day, she hung about our chairs, and wanted us to tell her stories, or to make her something pretty, or go with her somewhere. At last my patience became exhausted, and I said, angrily, "If I were you, I would not stay where I was

She hung down her head. I saw my advantage, and entinued, though a little softened, "Go to your playhouse and pay, that's a pretty girt." "No, I don't want to," said the

to stay here."
"You want to stay here, do you? Well, stay, we are going to the woods."

This, I am grieved to own, I said in a most unamiable manner—one that brought tears to the eyes of Betty, for such was her name, as she said,

"I want to go with you"
"I thought you said you wanted to stay here, I said this, knowing very well that she wanted to do whatever I did; and added, "If you want to go to the woods, why go, and we will stay at She sat down in her little unpainted wooden chair-how well I remember it-and confusedly pulled the curl out of her long yellow hair.

"You are going to stay here, are you?" I said, and with our bonnets hidden under our aprons, that no one might suspect our intention, we left the house. We had not gone far, when, looking back to assure ourselves that our flight was in safety—for we had not asked permission to go— we saw Betty following at a little distance. We ran fast at first, but she ran almost as fast as we, and so pausing till she came near, we intimwe, and so pausing till she came near, we intimidated her by saying that we were going past the cornfield where the dogs were; that there might be twenty, for aught we knew; in fact, we expected there were, and likely, too, they would come after us and bite us. We could run faster than she, and get out of reach, and if they caught her, we could not help it; she had had warning.

Her lip trembled, and without wiping away the tears that gathered to her eves or crying audi-

tears that gathered to her eyes, or crying audidisposed to call her to come with us. Oh! i had, how many pangs it would have saved u but the evil spirit prevailed, and we went on.

"We cannot climb a ring's length against the curse. When the fruit we deemed sweet in gathering

turns to ashes on our lips, the golden cells Hybia are filled for us in vain. Hybia are filled for us in vain.

Perhaps the childish misdemeaner I have recorded may, in the mind of the reader, lift, as it were, the shroud from some pale unconscious face, making a dim and shadowy army between him and the light. Fasting, nor prayer, nor penitence, nor scourge, may ever wholly lay the ghosts of bad actions. When we least expect them, they open the doors of our most secret chamb-and come in.

There were still a few withered flowers on their

shrunken and black stalks, but they were mostly gone. The grass along the streams fell matted and gray; the ripe nuts covered all the ground, and the equirrels gathered their winter hoards. Drifts of dead leaves went surging before the winds, and we pleased ourselves with hiding in

Drifts of dead leaves went surging before the winds, and we pleased ourselves with hiding in their billows, or gathering them in our arms, and tossing them wildly as the winds.

Then we walked up and down the streams, that only here and there rippled among the blue flag stones, which we turned and overtured, in search of pebbles and curious specimens. After this we peeled great patches of green and yellow moss from the roots of trees and decaying logs, partly because that it was pretty, and partly as a carpet for the playhouse of Betty, whom alone and lone-some we could not keep quite out of our thoughts, especially as the day grew towards its close.

The sun was low in the west, when, with our aprons full of moss and pebbles, and other like treasures, tired and hungry, we set out for home. The cattle from the meadows had preceded us, and the corn-gatherers, with their oxen and dogs, were gone away. One narrow strip of fiery cloud hung over the west, which faded and faded as we went on, giving to view, immediately beneath it, just as we arrived at home, one star, looking very cold and large, and far away.

We fitted the moss nicely together on the floor

We fitted the moss nicely together on the floor We nited the moss nicely together on the floor of Betty's playhouse, in alternate blocks of green and yellow, as an agreeable surprise to her, before noticing that in the chamber where we slept a light was burning—an occurrence not common; but our curiosity was heightened into positive fear, when through the little square window from which the white muslin curtain blew aside we

which the white muslin curtain blew aside we saw a strange woman, who, in a very snowy cap, seemed to be bending over the bed. Betty, we knew, was not well in the morning, and felt at come the truth—she was sick.

There was a good deal of going in and out of her chamber—softly, very softly—a little sail in low tones, and an unpleasant odor of medicine all over the house. It was some time before we could be persuaded to go and see her; but at last, stricken and ashamed, we stood by her bedside. I remember how her face was burning under her curls, but she smiled sweetly, and reaching out her arms to embrace us, said, "I am so glad you are come, for the dogs you told me of made me afraid." Her arms were hot about my neck, as she asked me if I would take her next time. I she asked me if I would take her next time. I readily promised to do so when she should get well, and told her about the moss we had brought, and of a thousand things I would do for her when she was well.

Every day she grew worse, and scarcely would anything keep me from the room a single moment. I hardly knew what death was, but I was afraid. I could not eat, nor sleep, nor rest. Her disease was a fever of the most malignant sort; and what with continual bending over her, and what with exhaustion, I became infected, and was forced from her bedside. The last words she ever said to me were, "When I get well, and you get well, you will take me with you, won't you?" I remember only faintly, for I know not who it was, of some one coming to my bedside in the night time, who, touching me softly and startlingly, told me she was dead! After an interval of a day or two, they brought the coffin. Perfectly I remember how she looked. She was smiting, as she smiled in life, and and her hands were crossed on her bosom, just as I had seen them a thousand times.

woods again—for violets to plant about her grave. Often I looked back to the spot where I had once left her alone in her childish sorrow, but she was not there. What would I not have given to un-say the harsh words—what would I not give now?

trations, all practical; prepared by the bands of the pupils, and capable of being seen by the whole at all times when in their seats.

to much of a child to be my cempanion, and my child the noon is past, have felt all the heat and the burden. Away in the distance lies her little knew she wished to be with me. Sometimes, inthe burden. Away in the distance lies ber little life, bordering my own, like a beam of light; but from her grave stretches a shadow that would reach me in the uttermost ends of the earth.

## CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Тововто, Јане 28, 1851. To the Editor of the National Era :

Tuesday last being the anniversary of St John the Baptist, the Masonic fraternity in this place, with the female members of their families, went on a visit to the Falls of Niagara, having been conveyed to Lewistown in the Chief Justice steamer, commanded by Capt. Cableuyt, a very gentlemanly man; and should any of our American friends be disposed to view the Falls, I would advise them to take this line, proceeding by the Erie Railroad, which passes through the most splendid scenery in the United States, and down Genesee Lake to Rochester, where steamboats run daily to Toronto, where they could take the Chief Justice for Lewistown, or Queenstown opposite, and enjoy, as I did on this occasion, the imposing

view that is presented from Queenstown heights. I accompanied this party, and, as I had before seen the Niagara Falls; preferred remaining at Lewistown, and afterwards crossing the suspension bridge which has there been thrown over the river, and viewing those grounds which are celebrated for one of the most hard-fought battles of the last American war-long may it continue to be the last! And amply was I compensated for

my determination. After three hours' sail, we entered the Niagara river, about sixteen miles below the Falls, and distant from Toronto thirty-six miles. On the right hand, as we approached, we passed a strong stone tower, erected by the British, I believe, since hostilities; near which lies the village of Niagara, a miserable-looking place, and completely at the mercy of a strong-walled American for-Immediately opposite, and not half and

This fortification is of considerable extended ad embraces a large circuit; the ramparts are of stone, with a dry ditch at their base; and if properly garrisoned, would be difficult to take. In case of a war between the two countries, there would evidently be a fierce struggle to take or retain it, as it completely commands the entrance of the river, and is evidently the key to the possession of the adjacent country on both sides. From the valley of Niagara to Queenstown,

opposite Lewistown, the distance is seven miles, and affords a most delightful sail. The bank on either side is high and precipitous, the summit of which is clothed with trees of the most luxuriant foliage. The river is intercepted by headlands, and occasionally expands into spacious bays, where there is an occasional slope of the land, affording fine sites for private residences. The village of Lewistown is about a mile from the landing, with one street running through it, by which the cars pass to the Falls, and connect

with a branch line that leads to Buffalo. The

houses are for the most part small, and there is

not much appearance of business; but there is all

that neatness which everywhere at the North characterizes American villages, and I may add, the appearance of corresponding comfort. During the day I crossed the suspension bridge. mer is 850 feet in length and 20 feet wide, being suspended at a height of fifty feet from the level of the river, which at this point is two hundred feet deep, the surface of which is disturbed by whirlpools, that are caused by the debris which There are omissions and commissions, which is scattered profusely over the bottom, brought seem little and trifling in themselves, which have, down and lodged there by the everlasting torrent

of water which has been precipitated over the Falls some sixty miles above. The length of the cables to which the bridge is attached -ten in number, of nine strands each is upwards of 1,200 feet; these pass over stone towers on the cliffs above, which are fifty-five feet above the level of the bridge, and are well se-

oured in the rock behind them. There is a good deal of travelling across the bridge; and while I was there a large drove of cattle passed over, on each head of which a toll of ten cents is paid. The charge for a foot passenger is a York shilling, and there is nothing paid on returning. It is supposed by geologists that the Falls have

gradually receded, and that those which at present exist are working their way up. The deep cutting for the purpose of making a road to the bridge exhibits a profile of the mountain-side, which is composed of a red friable stone that has evidently been indurated to a certain extent by the superincumbent pressure, and which is interlined by a thin layer of whitish clay that has undergone a similar process of partial hardening. This rock is supported by a bed of granular quartzose stone, of ten or a hundred feet in

thickness, separated from the mass below it, from which it is perfectly distinct, by a level horizontal base, which in one place is unsupported by the rock beneath. On the British side I observed a with cement, to prevent its being increased by the action of frost and water. This fracture is about twenty feet from the termination of the caabout twenty feet from the termination of the ca-bles in that direction, and near the two towers over which they pass; and I at first supposed that the detached portion might ultimately fail down into the river below; but such an apprehension I affterwards found was groundless, as the upper stratum rests securely upon the great mass of rock henceth

fought here, during the war of 1812-14, in which the British General Brock was killed at the head the British General Brock was killed at the head of his advancing party. The main body under General Sheafe coming up immediately after potawards, an obstinate encounter took place, the vines, British troops being infuriated by the loss of their arbor, chief, and the Americans being overpow a The barn length yielded to the charge, and several it is said were driven over the precipice at the road leadaged where he fell, a monumental colum with of said villaged where he fell, a monumental colum with the capitol, and selfure and which was much injuyear. The farm individual from the up-and and rolling, and who placed gunpowder in the chamber there is about 50 of the column, for the purpose of deares of wood land. The effect, however, was but partial, al. Only 55 acres ing the column, which is about a hl. Since the death high, about half way up, and creatingerly owned and ocsufficient to allow the key-stone of the analysis of the entrance to fall partly out. The practical Northwinding flight of stairs in the columbane, confertably visiters formerly ascended to the top which about 20 rods with the number of the number of the sun runs. sufficient to allow the key-stone of the and those only the entrance to fall partly out. The and most profit winding flight of stairs in the columbouse, comfortably visiters formerly ascended to the top wheel about 20 rods of the most delightful views that are the area of the barn runs of the most delightful views that are the same runs of the most delightful views that are the same runs of the barn runs of the house there with, but which can no longer bettlin a mile and a Funds have been subscribed to replace the area between ent dilapidated monument by a similar she house there and a bill is now before the Legislature togetleinal vittle directors to proceed with the undertaking of Sara-From the base of the column the view, hove from the is magnificent. Beneath your feet almost is valley of Queenstown, which lies on the slop bearing, the runge of mountains which here diverge from the river almost at a right angle, passing roundy all in the rear of Hamilton, and afterwards sending off a branch, which extends to Cape Hunt, at the punction of Georgian bay with Lake Huron; the main range passing near Toronto, till it reaches Balsam lake, the highest water-level in North America, and terminating ultimately at Cape Diamond, at Quebec.

I do not know that my mind was ever so much excited or my feelings exhilarated to the extent they were while contemplating the locality of Queenstown heights. Below was the Niagara river wending its way to the Ontario, and beyond it the blue waters of the lake, rippling in the splendor of a noon-day sun. On the opposite side was the peaceful village of Lewistown, and in the distance the frowning battlements of the American fort at the entrance of the river.

Every minor rising ground, too, on the heights, was a subject of intense interest; and I could almost fancy I saw the soldiers of two rival nations contending for its possession, until eventually driven from point to point, the vanquished party either surrendered to their more successful com-